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imagine, however, that many people will read the book and like it, for the author's ability to depict her characters is not to be questioned; she even makes the situations interesting when all hope of making them convincing is lost. There are very few characters—and indeed, Mrs. Majendie's conscience is so large and overwhelming that there is little room for anything else when it is around; full justice is done to the few characters, however, for they are well drawn, and the rest of the space is devoted to the analysis of the wife's conscience. Due to the vagaries of this conscience, Mrs. Majendie breaks all of her marriage vows but one, and her husband breaks the one vow which his wife keeps. This results in his maintaining another establishment, and if one were not sure of the conventions one might well ask which of the two women the author had in mind as the "Help-mate;" nothing so interesting as that, however, is in the author's purpose and Majendie finally wins his wife's affections, long after she has forfeited all of the reader's sympathies and the book closes with a reconciliation which is complete, though one is inclined to be skeptical as to its permanence.

THE DANCE OF LOVE. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

This is a curious story of a giddy romantic youth in Mediæval times (with very modern atmosphere) who leaves his beloved mother under sad circumstances in "quest of love"—to find the woman of his fate, who will have "the key of his life hung to a chain around her neck." He could have for the asking, the lovely Alice, whom he has known all his life, who has riches and beauty—"cheeks like milk and apple blossoms; straight as a tree, fresh as a leaf," etc., but he calls her dull, not stimulating. He must needs see the world for himself, and find the soul-filling woman—he must carve his fortunes by sword and buckler; he must shield the weak, fight for the right. So turning his back upon his mother, his home and the "cool, calm Alice" he begins his quest of love, and the story bewilders one in the mazes of the Yolandes—Phillipas, Annes, Mayots and Madonnas who all fail in turn to satisfy his quixotic soul, until

at last, after five years wanderings, having found the wide world stimulating but not satisfying, a sadder and a wiser man, he sensibly but tamely returns to his native heath and finds the handsome Alice still waiting for him, and gladly he realizes that after all she is the woman who has "the golden key of his life," and that she alone can fill "his every day's most quiet needs," so like a modern man he settled down to comfort.

THE FLIGHT TO EDEN. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

This is a disagreeable story, but interesting and fairly well told. It is always helpful and uplifting to know that a man can once in a while overcome self—and in this hero's flight from his worldly surroundings and the scene of his wrecked life to a new country and primitive environment we see at least the effort to throw off old chains of cloth and sin.

In the sand dunes of Florida he again finds temptation, but there still remains in him some of the English gentleman's clear-cut ideas of right and wrong, so that amidst the human driftwood of the region he holds himself aloof and straight. After some tragic and painful scenes in which his brother takes part and is a victim, Basil Forrester flies still further and takes with him a good and loving girl-wife to the everglades—where Eden is found at last. But even there pathos comes, and we leave him a good man but with the painful knowledge that he must isolate himself entirely from temptation to keep from lapsing again into the old ways. So when he is recalled to England, he does not dare to go, but sends his young and only son to take his place and title.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Fruit of the Tree" is disappointing. The book is unorganized, it falls into separate segments on even a superficial analysis, and the author's skill is not sufficient to hold them together. A good novel can stand a good deal of plot—though a novel that depends on plot is of the weaker sort—but whenever the reader is conscious of too much plot while reading the book,